

The Problem With Weddings by [nerdsarehot75](#)

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Summary:

Hopper needs a date for a wedding. Joyce is his first choice.

The Problem With Weddings

Hopper stared down at the invitation on his desk. He had been surprised to find it in his mail a month ago, hidden among the normal bills and junk. It was from one of the younger men he'd worked with in the city and hadn't talked to in some time. The fact it was a wedding didn't surprise him, the couple had been together a few years before he'd left, that fact he was being invited did.

One thing stood out. He needed a date for this. He was at loss at what to do. He wasn't dating anyone and the idea of bringing a random woman to this left a bad taste in his mouth. After so long with nothing but one night stands to keep him company when the memories got too bad he had no options for this. Not even a friend.

That's not true. There's Joyce. After the events of last year he wasn't entirely sure how to class their relationship. During the mad rush to rescue Will all he'd focused on was making sure this kid, this very much alive kid, didn't die. Afterwards, he'd done his best to make sure Joyce was okay and the family was still functioning.

You don't go through something like that without coming away with a mutual caring for one another. But it wasn't like any friendship Hopper had ever had either. Sure, now they weren't in any kind of peril he noticed how large and innocent her eyes were as they gazed at him and the amount of love held within her small frame. He noticed the way her hair brushed against her cheek and how soft she was with the kids. He noticed the way her hips swayed when music was playing and she didn't think anyone was watching and the way she smiled, so bright and happy.

Maybe that was what was different. He'd never been in love with any of his friends before. Diane hadn't started out as his friend, he'd pursued her relentlessly, because he thought she was one of the most beautiful people he'd ever seen. They hadn't been friends but he'd loved her.

He was almost certain Joyce didn't feel the same. She had been so busy putting her family back together and then making sure they were alright she probably hadn't even thought about such things. He was just Hopper, the man who'd helped find her son and who she was making sure didn't overdose or starve.

If he asked her as a favour she wouldn't take it the wrong way. They'd drive over that morning, stay the night and drive back the

next day. She might even welcome the break.

Resolved, Hopper stuffed the invitation into his pocket, crumpling it slightly and set about working. He'd go over later that night and ask.

Joyce was beginning dinner in the kitchen, smiling as she heard her sons playing on the Atari in the living room. A knock at the door startled her. Jonathan led Hopper into the room, his hat clutched in his hands.

"You staying for dinner?" she asked, smiling at him.

"If you're offering," he replied.

He sat in the kitchen table, watching her scurry around the kitchen.

"Listen," he began.

"Why are the potatoes always runny?" she asked herself. "Boys, dinner."

The boys hurried in and there went his chance to ask her until he left. She was happy, surrounded by her boys. In her mind that definitely included Hopper. She cared for him almost as much as her sons and was always delighted to see him.

No one complained about the food, not even the potatoes. The conversation was light and happy, the family talking, trading storied, and Hopper sat, watching them and revelling in the glow they gave off. When it was over Jonathan jumped up to clear away without being asked, waving off the protests of his mother.

"Are you staying, Sir?" Will asked Hopper, taking his plate to give to Jonathan.

"I think I'd better head off. Wouldn't want to out stay my welcome," he replied.

"Nonsense. You're always welcome here. You know that Hop," Joyce butted in. "Stay for a coffee at least."

He gave in like he always did. They sat in companionable silence, smoke curling around them as they smoked together. The boys had hurried off to continue their game leaving the adults alone.

"Joyce," he tried again, this time getting her attention.

"What is it, Hop?" she asked, worry already curling in the pit of her stomach.

"There's a wedding next weekend and I need a date, plus one and all that. I was thinking you could go with me," he said. Her eyes widened and she sat in silence.

"You want me to be your date?" she asked,

"Not like a date, more like a friend. You're the only one in this town

who won't think I'm asking to get you into bed with me. We're friends. You won't take it the wrong way," he rushed out, tripping over his words in his hurry to explain.

"Sure. Next weekend, that give me time to buy a dress," she agreed, despite her heart plummeting.

"Okay. Great. I should really head off. Call if you need anything," Hopper said, standing up from the table.

Joyce continued to sit, her coffee cooling in her mug. Friends. She guessed that was the best way to describe their relationship but it still didn't feel enough. It didn't encapsulate the need to have him around to feel safe, or enjoying when their hands accidentally brushed, or how making him smile made her feel elated. It didn't explain the very animal attraction she had towards him or the constant need to know he was safe.

But he said it in that sentence. That's how he thought of her. And maybe she'd have to be okay with that, especially if it meant she still got to be part of his life. That would be worth it.

The day had arrived for the wedding. Joyce had been shopping with Jonathan and Nancy, unable to come to a decision on her own. It had been so long since she'd needed to dress up for something. She was sitting in the living room, dressed and packed, nervously smoking a cigarette as she waited.

When Hepper pulled up she was instantly at the door, bag clutched in one hand. He was tugging at his tie as he walked up to the door, stopping when he saw she was already there. His eyes roved over her frame. She shifted from foot to foot under his scrutiny.

"Will I do?" she asked.

"You'll be batting the men away," he replied, gracing her with a smile. She smiled back and let out a long breath. He took her bag from her, ignoring her complaints, and held the door open for her.

As they drove down the road she snuck a look at him. His suit was nice. He looked handsome, more put together than normal. She shifted in her seat and tried to not look at him again, else she do or say something she'd regret.

Hopper was looking at her out of the corner of his eye. The deep blue of the dress complimented her skin and the fabric looked soft. Her hair was brushed and her makeup was more overt than usual. He wanted to reach out and touch her. His hands clenched around the steering wheel. That would be a very bad idea.

They drove in silence, occasionally breaking it to make a passing comment. The hours slipped away in this manner until they reached the church. The ceremony was long and boring as most are, unless close to the bride or groom.

The reception was being held at the hotel Hopper had managed to book two rooms in. He was glad as it meant he wouldn't have to try and find it late at night once the party was winding down. He'd resigned himself for staying as long as Joyce wanted, not being able to leave her all alone with a room full of strangers.

In the short time they had before the reception he checked them both in and had their bags sent up to their rooms, Joyce looking on, barely a hair's breath behind him. He turned, his hands automatically catching her elbows so he wouldn't run into her. Her doe eyes looked up at him, her breath caught in her throat at being so close.

"C'mon," he said, leading her towards the reception room, a gaggle of people already in there. He was greeted by a few old colleagues and made the introductions. Joyce had that deer caught in headlights look on her face but would smile and do her best with each new person.

They took their seats on a table with mostly people Hopper had worked with before he moved back home. Conversation washed over him, not really listening to anyone. His arm came to rest on the back of Joyce's chair and she smiled at him, also seemingly ignoring the other people at the table.

The bride and groom entered the room to thunderous applause. They looked so happy together it made Hopper's chest ache. He glanced at Joyce to find her looking at him. He removed his arm from her chair and looked back towards the newly weds.

Later in the night when the food had been cleared away and music was playing Joyce and Hopper were still sitting in their seats. They weren't talking to one another but also weren't talking to anyone else, choosing silence. Hopper had been working up the courage to ask her to dance hoping it wouldn't come off as odd or unpleasant to her. They're table had emptied pretty quickly for the dance floor.

"Do you want to dance?" she asked, turning to face him.

"What?" he replied. Could she read minds? Probably.

"It's fine if you don't but it's," she trailed off, making gestures to try to get her point across.

He stood up, taking her hand and leading her to the dance floor. She shivered slightly as his other hand came to rest on her waist. She put

her free hand on his shoulder, suddenly very conscious of their height difference. He towered over her, having to duck his head to look at her.

"I didn't know you could dance," she said.

He chuckled to himself. "I've found it a useful skill to have."

They lapsed back into silence, slightly more relaxed than before. Her hand had come to curl around the back of his neck and his thumb was tracing circles into her waist in time with the music. They swayed together, the music slow and beautiful.

"Hey, Hopper, glad you could make it," Jeff, the groom, said interrupting them. They drew apart. "Is this your date?"

"Yeah, this is Joyce. We know each other from way back," he introduced, shaking the fog of being so close to her from his head.

"We weren't sure you'd come but I'm glad you did. I'm betting she had a part in that. It's good to see you getting back on the horse," Jeff said, already moving away.

"Oh, no we're not," Hopper tried to clear up but the groom had already moved back into the crowd. He looked down at Joyce who smiled at him.

"He seems nice," she said.

"Yeah, he is. Listen, Joyce, do you want to stay longer?" he asked, ready for the night to end and the temptation to be taken from him.

"You want to go?" she replied.

He nodded and she took his hand, leading him out of the reception and back to the elevator. They stood side by side, waiting for it to arrive, their hands still clasped. The doors opened and they entered the empty lift.

"Joyce," Hopper said.

"Hop," she said at the same time.

She was looking at him, her eyes shining. The combination of the proximity and the dress covering her beautiful frame was making for a heady feeling. As if his hand had a mind of its own, it came to cup her cheek. He couldn't resist her.

"Hop," she said again, almost a moan.

She pulled him down, her lips attacking his. He groaned and slipped one arm around her waist, pulling her closer to him. The lift dinged and the doors opened but rather than part Hopper led her down the hall to one of their rooms. He wasn't fussy which one.

He fumbled as he opened the door, her hands wandering over his chest. He pushed her into the room, slamming the door behind him.

He picked her up and her legs instinctively wrapped around his waist. He kissed her again, nipping at her bottom lip. She moaned. Her nails scraped against the skin of his skull and he groaned. He let her down and immediately began to pull the zipper of her dress down. It pooled at her feet and he was stunned at the pale flesh on show.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered, reaching out for her again. Joyce pulled his tie off him, flinging it to some distant part of the room, before attacking the buttons on his shirt. He shrugged out of it and pulled her in for another kiss. His pants were divested quickly. Her skin was so soft under his rough fingers as he caressed her. She pulled him to the bed, straddling him, sucking on the point where his neck met his shoulder. He unclasped her bra and let it fall to the floor. Her arms instinctively came up to cover herself but he pulled them away, kissing her again. He worked a trail down to her left breast, taking the nipple into his mouth. She squirmed against him as he began to roll the other one between his thumb and index finger.

"Hop," she gasped, grinding down on him.

Hopper pushed her onto the bed, a surprised gasp coming from her. He hovered over her before kissing down to her navel. She whimpered, her hands clutching his hair.

"Are you sure?" he asked, looking up at her. She made a noncommittal sound. "I have to know you're sure about this."

She gasped out a yes and he ripped her underwear off her. He kissed up her inner thigh, stopping at the apex of her legs.

"You don't have to do that," she said, her legs beginning to close.

"I want to," he replied. "Trust me."

Joyce relaxed and he shifted her legs apart once again. Hopper licked up her slit and she let out a breathy moan. He ran his tongue over her clit and her hands tangles themselves in his hair again. He sucked on it and she bucked up, hands clenching. He inserted two fingers into her as he continued to suck, curling against her walls. He pumped faster, adding a third. As he ran his tongue over her clit to soothe it she tensed above him, crying out as she came. He continued to work her through her orgasm, lapping up her juices.

She pulled him up for a kiss, tasting herself on his tongue. Her fingers dug into the flesh of his back, pulling him closer. His still clothed erection rubbed against her leg and he couldn't help but moan at the friction. She pushed his underwear off, throwing them to the floor

beside the bed. She gazed at him, hungry and lustful.

"Hop, I need you," she moaned, writhing against him. He quickly scrambled off her, digging through his pants for his wallet. He pulled out a condom and rolled it onto his length.

He kissed her again, positioning himself at her entrance. At her clawing at his back he pushed in. She was tight and hot around him and he let out a low groan. He waited until she made it clear it was okay to move and began thrusting. He could feel the pleasure building and slid one hand between them, rubbing her clit. She was meeting him thrust for thrust, their tempo becoming erratic.

Joyce clenched around him, crying his name. He thrust into her a few more times, his seed spilling into her. His head was buried in her neck and her hands stroked his hair, playing with the ends off it as their breathing settled down. He rolled off her, disposing of the condom. She lay in the middle of the bed, spent, the sweat still glistening on her skin. He pulled the covers over her, holding her body close as he settled into the bed.

"Hop?" she whispered.

"Yes?" he whispered back.

"Will you still be here in the morning?" she asked, refusing to look at him.

"I'll be here as long as you let me," he replied, kissing her temple.

"Promise?"

"Promise."

She relaxed against his body, her head resting on his chest. He nuzzled his nose in her hair as she traced patterns into the skin of his chest.

"I love you," he whispered, half hoping she wouldn't hear, scared about what this would mean.

"I love you too," she told him.

He closed his eyes, smiling. Maybe weddings weren't all bad. He felt her breathing evening out. Maybe it was Joyce that made them good. He thought that was probably it.